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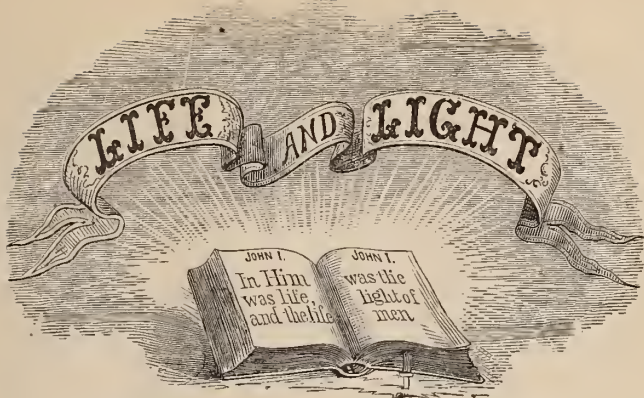
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FOR WOMAN.

VOL. IX.

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No. 11.

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MRS. TYLER.

In our last number we were shown the interior of a heathen kraal, and the contrast between that and the picture here presented is full of significance. Mrs. Tyler continues:—

Now, let us visit the home of a Christian Zulu. As we approach the building we find it is six or eight feet high, made of posts fastened in the ground and interlaced with small sticks called wattles, so that the whole may be plastered inside and out, as if lathed. The door is of wood, and the windows of cloth or glass; the floor is made of earth, pounded hard and rolled with stones, presenting a polished appearance; the furniture a small wooden table, one or two stools or chairs, and perhaps a settee, which answers for one of the family as a bed. A small cupboard is seen in the corner, in which are a few dishes of tin and earthenware, on the top of which are the books and lamp, or candle-stick. Generally, iron pots are substituted for the clay ones, though gourd spoons and beer-pots of native manufacture are much used. A substantial box for clothing is also used for a seat. A narrow door on one side, or one on each side of the principal room, opens into a bed-room, where is a bedstead covered with mats and blankets, or a counterpane. A bag of sewing materials and a small looking-glass hang on the wall. Clothing is not so abundant as to be strewed on the floor, but a coat or dress may be seen hung in the corner.

Around the door outside is a clean place like the floor, or a veranda hardened in the same way, where the members of the household may often be seen basking in the sun. A plow is beside the house, waiting for the early rains which shall soften the earth; and hoes are lying near, which speak of weeding-time. Little patches of sugar-cane, bananas, pine-apples, onions, cabbages, peanuts and oranges, lemon and guava trees, show that taste is cultivated in a double sense.

The family rise in the morning, and await prayers before going to their various duties. If the father be of an industrious turn of mind, he will attend to something which is to be done near home while the wife or children prepare the morning meal, which is eaten about eleven o'clock. If the children attend school, they must have theirs cooked earlier; and they present a pleasing sight as they come running over the hills at the ringing of the bell, often with their breakfast in a basket on their heads—if they have not had time to eat it—and their bag of books over their shoulders. The meal being over, the wife is employed in sewing, making mats, or whatever she can do to bring in a little money. Those who know how to wash and iron or sew nicely, are often employed by the missionaries or other white people. In summer-time they work in the gardens, with or without their husbands, not having sufficient sewing or other household duties to occupy their time. They seem to need the exercise, and enjoy it, when it is not too severe. All gather around the fire while the evening meal is being cooked; and, if a candle or lamp can be afforded, some time is spent in mending, reading, or teaching the children who cannot attend school.

If the parents have not learned to read, and are willing to take the trouble to learn, they, also, are taught. I am sorry to say, however, that only a few have courage or faith to undertake the work. They say their heads are dull and too old to be sharpened, but they are anxious to have their children taught. The evening prayer closes the day, and grateful hearts compose themselves to sleep beneath that humble roof. If we call at the house on Saturday, we find it nicely cleaned, and mother or eldest daughter gone to the river to wash the clothes of the family, or mending them at home. Firewood and water for the Sabbath are laid by, as well as vegetables from the garden. With them, as with us, it is a busy day. Sunday morning dawns, and in some places the early ringing of the bells announce a prayer-meeting. Sometimes the father of the family is going eight or ten miles away to teach, or to preach to the people who cannot come to the station, and he must have an early breakfast. He considers it fortunate if he

have a son or a daughter from one of our schools who is able to assist him in teaching the children to read, and, also, to sing. They return in the afternoon, and are the better able to appreciate the comforts of a Christian home after having been among the heathen. It is very gratifying to find the children of the Christian families in many respects superior to their parents, which is chiefly attributable to their educational advantages. A father sends his daughter to the female seminary. He works the harder that he may purchase her clothes and pay her fee, and, perhaps, hire a boy or girl to do her work at home. But he looks forward to the time when she will be able to explain to him much in his reading which he does not comprehend, and when she shall cut and make clothing for the family; and with some pride he thinks of her as the destined wife of some bright young man in the male seminary. The daughter comes home for a vacation. Her old playmates and friends gather, to welcome her and to take note of her superior accomplishments. Soon we notice little changes in their dress, which they have copied from her, and hear new tunes sung which she has taught them, and more ambitious are they in school; for they know they will not all be able to attend the seminary, and yet they are unwilling to be left in the back-ground in knowledge; or they are looking forward to the time when they will join her in that famous school where they learn so much. Little acts of politeness and propriety, as well as attentiveness and intelligence, mark her as one highly favored.

When the time arrives for her marriage, at eighteen or nineteen, the father, perhaps, receives the ten cows allowed by law,—but in some cases we are glad to notice that not even this number are required,—while the daughter has a handsome outfit and some furniture; and though the girl may have helped to earn the money with which it is bought, it was her father who paid for her education which enabled her to do so. The ceremony is performed in the church, by the missionary; after which the bride and groom and invited guests walk in procession to the house of the bridegroom, where a feast is prepared—not after our fashion, but of what is to them the best of food, *bcef*, with a dessert of bread, coffee and sugar.

The whole day is spent in joyous festivities; and at sundown the guests retire, leaving the married pair to themselves. At one time it was the fashion to spend the whole night in singing,—representatives of each station trying to exceed the others in executing the greatest number of tunes;—but, some serious evils having arisen from that course, it has been abandoned. The house is furnished comfortably, and bears marks of taste superior to that of the parental home.

The young wife is received by the station people with kindness, and soon feels at home with them. If she be a professing Christian she attends the prayer-meetings, and adds much to their interest by her appreciative remarks and intelligent, warm-hearted prayers. Her children are tenderly cared for and prettily clothed, and she endeavors to train them in the right way. She studies the Bible with her husband, and refreshes her mind with explanations which she heard at school. She has a class in Sabbath School, and reads to the women who cannot read for themselves; and, in many ways, reflects upon those about her the gracious influence which she received from our school through the beloved sisters by whom she was taught. Some of these Christian women have been called away by death, and have left most pleasing testimony as to their fitness for the change. One said: "I see the world is all vanity compared with the joy that God gives me. The way to heaven is made light. My eyes cannot see, my ears cannot hear, my time is done; I go to my Father in heaven." Another called her eldest daughter to her and told her she must try to help her younger brothers and sisters to be good, and to follow her to heaven. She had no fear; Jesus was calling her himself. Another sent love to her missionary teacher in America, and thanked her warmly for all her care and instruction, assuring her that she could leave her little children with the Saviour who was so gently taking her to himself, and that she had no fear.

The day after a Christian burial, as among the heathen, many are seen wending their way to the house of mourning; but instead of the loud wailings, they quietly sit down and enumerate the virtues of the departed, comforting the friends in the separation from the loved one, and, after commending them in prayer to the great Comforter, return to their homes. Writing of Christian burials, I am reminded of the first one among the Zulus, which took place soon after our arrival here, in 1849. It was that of the grandson of the first convert. The little boy had been ill for some time; and when the grandmother saw that he could not live, she insisted upon holding him in her arms, and would hardly give herself any rest. She said he was a gift to them from God, and she wanted to give him back from her own arms. At the burial all was quiet and very impressive, as it seemed to me; for, not knowing anything of the language, I could only judge by the solemn, tearful faces of those who came to mourn. And now the image of that grandmother—the first convert among the Zulus—rises before me. A poor old woman, depressed by cruel treatment and disowned by her nearest friends, had heard a missionary preach the gospel of love; and thinking that the bearer of such a message

must be merciful to her, an outcast, she threw herself down at his door, where he found her, with her little boy on her back, waiting for admittance. Her whole manner and appearance were repulsive, but the longing for sympathy and love which her words indicated was fully met by those faithful workers for Christ, Dr. and Mrs. Adams. How they had prayed and labored that even one soul might be given them; and what joy they must have felt when, after much instruction, the light of the Gospel seemed to dawn in her dark mind. Then she stood forth a professed believer in that new faith which was her comfort and support for nearly thirty years, until death reunited her to those whose faithfulness had guided her to heaven. On that eventful communion Sabbath how little did she comprehend the blessings that were in store for her children and grandchildren. How overwhelming would have been her joy could she have foreseen the day when she would not only sit with them at the Lord's table, but with many others from among the Zulus. The last time I saw her, in her feebleness and blindness, she took my hand and said: "I am ready to go home to my father and mother"—meaning the missionary and his wife. "The Lord has been good to me; he has permitted me to see great things." I always love to remember that the light of the Gospel shone first, among the Zulus, in a woman's heart.

INDIA.

THE DISPENSARY AT BOMBAY.

Miss Norris writes that the medical work in this city is assuming large proportions, one thousand patients having come for treatment within the space of three weeks. She asked her medical student, Krupabai, to write an account of the work, thinking that people would be more interested in the statement of a native Christian than in her own. She merely said to her, "I would like to have you write a letter to the ladies at home about the work in the Dispensary;" and she has described it as it appears to her. The following is an exact copy:—

BOMBAY, July 18, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

I HOPE this short account of our work in the Medical Dispensary for females here will interest you. In the morning, on entering the Dispensary, the sight that meets one's eyes is the large number of women, of all ages and costumes, that sit on the benches in the outer hall. In our country there are many people and races to be found, and in Bombay in particular the number of these is very great. We have here Arabs, Persians, Turks, Africans, and representatives of all the multitudinous classes and castes into which

the inhabitants of India are divided. Each has its characteristic dress: the long, flowing robes of the women, called *saries*, an end of which is taken over the head and let drop on the shoulders, are the dress of all Hindus on this side of the country. The women of the higher classes are fairer than those of the lower, and their dress is cleaner and neater, Brahmin women being at once recognized by their more intellectual cast of countenance. All these women sit together without any distinction whatsoever. Now, this fact shows the great advance which the Hindus have made in enlightenment; for, formerly, a Brahmin would rather die than take any medicines prepared by a European doctor; but now these people not only drink the medicine, but actually come to our dispensaries, and sit there with the people whose touch, in their opinion, is pollution. Christianity is thus, directly or indirectly, destroying Hinduism. Not only the living voice of the preacher from the pulpit does it, but even the silent influence of a medical dispensary.

But we do not seek the destruction of Hinduism and establishment of Christianity, simply by the arrangement made for the reception of the patients and the medicines we dispense, but by oral preaching and teaching. A pleasant-looking girl, a daughter of a native Christian, reads to the congregated women, and explains the portion read; and often have I seen the story of redeeming love heard by the women with attention and interest. Our Lord spent his whole life in acts of kindness and charity, crowning it by his nobler death; our hearts find emphatic illustration and evidence of his goodness in the Dispensary.

What a privilege it is to point to the power of the Saviour to heal the soul, by attempting to cure the bodies! Our people are most impressed with visible, tangible things; thus the work of a medical missionary becomes parabolical—the sensuous medicine, through which to see and recognize the spiritual power of the Great Physician. And how earnestly I look forward to the time when I shall be, in God's mercy, able to administer to the comfort of the sick and diseased, that I may thus have facilities to tell them what they need for their souls, and how the dear Lord is able to provide abundantly for them!

The cases treated by Miss Norris are of various kinds, but I am not yet qualified to describe them; but some of them are of a most pitiable character. The sickness among the lower classes arises chiefly from want of cleanliness; and while medicine is given them, they are instructed on the subject of cleanliness and other such matters of social improvement. As yet there are no true social or moral reformers among the non-Christian Hindus; and

the Christian missionary has, therefore, to become instructor of everything great and good that our people should possess.

One of the most pernicious habits of the natives of all races is to give opium to children, to quiet them, and hundreds of children are thus killed or injured for life. It is in vain to warn the parents against the evil practice. They do not, cannot see any harm in what their ancestors did for centuries, and everyone does. Of course we do all we can to enlighten them. I believe the women would not come in such large numbers as they do, if we had not a lady doctor; for such women come as, by their position and religious principles, would not go where gentlemen prescribed. Our doctor, besides, is *liked* by all the women. I do the humble work of interpreting the vernaculars for her. I believe these dispensaries are a mighty engine of dispensing light and health among the women of the country. The Zenana visitors have but a limited sphere of labor compared with the crowds that come to our medical dispensary, and the story of the cross heard in the circumstances in which it is communicated, in a place where bodily suffering is alleviated without money and without price, cannot but, under divine blessing, impress the mind with power and effect.

Earnestly hoping that you will remember us and our work in your prayers,

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

KRUPABAI HARIPUNT.

NORTH CHINA.

[PAUTINGFOO.]

LETTER FROM MRS. PIERSON.

* * * I wish some telephone could bear to your ears the sounds that come to mine as I seat myself to write on this warm, pleasant evening. A dozen or more of Chinese, young and old, large and small, have gathered in the study, and are being drilled in singing. They have improved so much in the six months now passed, that the labor expended on them seems well repaid, and the readiness with which they all come together on Friday evenings makes it a pleasure to teach them. They sing many of the hymns quite correctly now, which adds much interest to our Sabbath services.

Our numbers are slowly increasing, and we find our work opening before us as fast as we can take care of it. Last Sabbath we met our little band after a month's absence, and we were pleased to find that progress has been made. I speak particularly of the

women, as my work is mostly among them. There are eight or ten who come regularly to Sabbath service, and are slowly learning to read. The hymns which speak of the love of Jesus, seem to be specially attractive to them; they learn to repeat them, and then by following along the lines the characters become familiar, and they are surprised to find that learning to read is not so formidable as they thought. Poor women! they are so ignorant, and so many of them have no ambition to be otherwise. The common answer to the question, "Can you read?" is, "Of course not; women don't know how to read!" and we sometimes find a new feeling of respect toward us when they see that we can read. But they say: "Well, you are bright and intelligent; of course you can learn. We are stupid, and have no memories; we couldn't learn." When they answer in this way I tell them of the woman I taught while on my first tour, last fall. Perhaps the story will bear repeating to you.

Soon after our arrival in Fang-Feng, a woman about sixty years of age came to Mr. Pierson and asked to be baptized, saying that she believed the truth we teach. Finding her utterly ignorant of important points, Mr. Pierson gave her a little book containing a selection of Scripture texts, advising her to learn to read and understand the truth better before entering the church. She came to me with her book tucked into her sleeve,—a woman's only pocket,—and said she wanted to learn to read. "Do you recognize any characters?" I asked. "Yes, I know one," she answered, with a beaming face; "I know the second character in the word Jesus;" and she found it for me. I took the Bible, and began with the first verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" and she repeated it over and over, trying to point to the characters as she read, but it was very hard for her to come out right at the end. After three days of hard work she thought she had mastered the verse, and was ready to go on. She had previously refused to go any farther, saying that if she read any more she should not remember anything. Before I left, at the end of the week, she was happy in the discovery that she recognized another character. It seemed so hard for her to learn, that I left her without very strong hope that she would persevere; but when Mr. Pierson saw her two months afterward she had mastered three or four pages, and was still carrying her book in her sleeve, begging help of those who could read. When I tell the women this story they are quite encouraged, because they all think that at least they could do better than that.

Many who come to see us are merely curious visitors. During February, the first month of the Chinese new year, a holiday sea-

son, they came in such numbers that, as we had no rooms to receive them except our sitting-rooms, we were obliged to say that only those who wished to hear the truth could be allowed to come into the house. Many came with real or fancied ailments, having heard that medicine was given here; and having received what they wanted would ask permission to look about. By making them understand that we had no time for idle talk, and if they came in they must be quiet and listen to what we had to say, we have secured attention and succeeded in interesting some of them, while others are prevented from wasting our time by a thousand and one idle questions about our customs, our clothes and our houses. The numbers have gradually dwindled, until we have left only those who, I think, are really interested to know and follow the truth, and it is a pleasure to teach them. On the Sabbath they remain through the day, and at the close of the morning service we have a meeting with them, using the hymns which they know and the Lord's Prayer, which some of them have learned. The Sabbath School is for them an hour of study, since they could hardly be expected to prepare anything beforehand. They seem to enjoy it, and I hope some of them are being led by the Spirit out into the glorious light of the Gospel. It saddens me, sometimes, and discourages me, to find that it is very hard to give them any idea of the spiritual in our religion. They are so accustomed to think that worship consists in burning incense and knocking their heads on the ground, that they grasp at the outward forms, like kneeling and repeating a prayer, or coming to meeting once a week, and seem contented with them. Many who have been a few times have said, with apparent satisfaction: "Oh, yes, I understand; you advise us to be good, not to tell lies, not to abuse people, not to steal; it is all good, all good."

A woman came to-day who is so good a specimen of a certain class, that I will tell you of her. She seemed at first to have no special errand, but we soon led the conversation to the all-important subject. As it was my day to teach the children in our little school, which now numbers four, I was obliged to leave her to the charge of our helper's daughter, a very conscientious Christian girl, who, I had no doubt, would be faithful. Having occasion to go into the room once or twice, I found them making slow progress; and once I heard the girl say: "Your heart is not in it; if it were you would not find it so hard to learn." After the woman had gone the girl told me that she said she wanted to learn to read, but she really had another object in coming. She knew a young girl whose friends wished to find a husband for her, and she inquired if any one here wanted a wife. She was told that each of

the gentlemen had one wife, and thought that sufficient, and if they had no wives they would not marry Chinese girls. Then she suggested that she would like to learn to sew, and would do work for me. This I overheard, and told her I would much rather teach her to read. There seems to be an impression abroad that those who work for us do well; and, as we try to have them clean and respectable, the impression is not entirely false. Such requests are frequent, but it is needless to say that we cannot heed them.

The work in which the gentlemen of our mission are specially interested has recently opened in a new direction. Mr. Piersou is, at present, absent on a tour among the members of a false sect, who, having become convinced of the folly of their former belief, have cast it from them, and desire a better one. Several helpers are also in the field, but the Roman Catholics are already there with a large force, ready to gather a harvest from among the ignorant and superstitious. There are many interested inquirers here among the men who attend the daily preaching, but it takes time for the seed to bring forth fruit.

China is certainly moving on, though, to human eyes, progress is slow. Do not be discouraged, but pray with a faith strong enough to reach the throne. Pray earnestly for these poor women whose minds have never been opened to anything higher than the petty cares of their own little dwelling-places. Ask the Lord to reveal Himself to them in a special manner, and lead them out of their darkness.

LETTER FROM MRS. BAIRD.

MONASTIR, July 11, 1879.

* * * WE reached home after an absence of over nine months, and I was glad to see that some progress had been made among the women, especially in regard to two individuals. Their husbands were received as communicants about two years ago, and the wives have made them any amount of trouble in all sorts of ways.

One of them, Vasiliki, an Albanian, went to their various priests and monks to get advice how to answer her husband's arguments, for he had a "Thus saith the Lord," for everything. She was really afraid he would lose his soul if he kept in the Protestant way. One of her children died, and her husband objected to her giving the customary wheat for the dead; he said it did no good. She went to a monk noted for his wisdom, and inquired:—

"Is there really any use in giving wheat for the dead?"

"Oh, yes," said the monk; "souls cannot be saved without it."

"Then by giving it I can save souls, can I?"

"Yes, certainly."

"So if my husband dies, I can get him out of purgatory by giving wheat for his soul?"

"No, indeed! wheat cannot save such a heretic."

"But you said I could save souls by that means."

"Oh, go away; you belong to the same sort."

She had learned to argue.

Her husband won her by his gentle ways, and gradually she ceased active opposition. Last winter her baby died, and this softened her heart. Now she comes regularly to all the meetings, and takes part in the ladies' meeting, which often meets at her house. She prays in Albanian, for she knows but little Bulgarian. She has begun to read, and those who see her often really think she has begun to live the new life.

The other one, Katerina, is a fair, ruddy young Bulgarian woman. She lives in the same house with her parents; so her husband had not only her opposition, but that of her family, and her father is noted as being the worst drunkard in the city. How they did torment the poor man! His wife threw all his books into the mud, and found many ways to make his life a burden. But he persevered in the way, never answering her back, and by gentleness she, too, has been won. She is not as far along as Vasiliki, but she comes to our meetings and is learning to read. Her brother died recently, and, according to custom, she should stay at home, have no company, and never sing. But she had the woman's meeting at her house lately, and sings our hymns; all of which show that she has broken with her old faith, and means to follow her husband, for she has proved him.

Young People's Department.

SPAIN.

LETTER FROM MRS. GULICK.

*** THERE has been much sickness in our church and congregation, and lately we have been able to do but little except visit those who are in want; for, owing to the utter paralysis of commerce, the poor are helpless, and, in time of sickness, dependent

upon the charity of friends. We notice that to their own, the Roman Catholics are very charitable.

One of the persons who died last week was a child of eight, who for several years attended our school. The father was obliged to withdraw her some little time ago, or lose his position as night watchman, and starve. The child continued her studies, however, with her father, who utterly refused to send her to a Catholic school. When she was taken sick, and the doctor pronounced her disease to be croup, the parents sent at once for me, as they knew I had medicine which I had given to my own children when attacked by the same dread disease. When I reached the humble home I felt sure, at a glance, that the poor child could not recover; and especially so as the parents said she had been "breathing that way for three days!" We applied all the remedies, however, which were available, but, of course, without alleviation to the poor little sufferer, whose agony became terrible to witness. I asked her if I should sing, and she was pleased with the thought. We sang — the father joining me — hymn after hymn which she had sung in the Sabbath School — the Moody and Sankey hymns translated into Spanish. Then she asked for a book in which there was a hymn she wanted sung. No one could find the book or even say what it was. Her anxiety seemed to make her worse, and finally she suggested that it might be in a certain trunk. On looking it was found. She took the book, and, with eager fingers, turned the leaves to the hymn which, in English, would be something like the following:—

"Come, oh, come to Jesus!
Come, children, come!
With joy and with love,
To Jesus the Saviour;
Happy ye shall be forever,
With him, in glory.
Never again shall ye see death,
For he giveth life to his own," etc.

She sang one word, "Venid," and found that, in her distress, it was impossible to go on, and, in tears, we finished the verse.

The next day the children gathered about her coffin, and we sang the same hymn, which had been almost a prophetic intuition to the dying child. This funeral was on Friday. On Saturday a message was received which took us to another dying bed. The case of Juliana Lopez has been so interesting to us, I hope I shall not make my letter too long by telling it to you:—

Her home, when I first knew her, was in the attic of a five-story house, the almost perpendicular stair-way leading to her rooms

being without a ray of light, except such as entered from the street door. Several years ago she, with a brother and sister younger than herself, were left orphans. As they were without resources she went out to work by the day, so earning enough to provide the necessary food for the family. Her brother — a wicked lad — treated her shamefully. He would take the money she earned and spend it in the tavern; and if there happened to be food in the house he would eat or make way with it all, leaving nothing for the poor sister when she returned at night, bare-footed, weary and hungry.

Finally the brother married, and became one of a boat's crew of fishermen. Juliana was now able to get along with less wages, and so sought lighter work; but exposure and fatigue had undermined her health, and over a year ago she began to show signs of consumption. She united with the church about three years ago. In January of this year we were attending the funeral services of a little child of one of the church. Juliana sat beside me, and suddenly she said, "I shall be the next to go." "Oh, no," I replied, — for she did not seem so ill; — "you are apprehensive; this long, rainy winter has hindered you from getting rid of your cough, but as soon as the warm days come you will be out once more; even now your cheeks are rosier than mine." "No," she said, slowly; "I shall never be well. It is true I have color, but it is natural to me, and I shall have it to the end; but I know I am dying. Do not think I need to be comforted, for I am glad to go home; I have had little but suffering here, and the prospect of release seems delightful."

In a few weeks she sent for us. We found that she had rapidly failed, and the traces of suffering and disease were now visible in her face and form.

"I have sent for you," she said, "because the neighbors wanted me to 'confess' and receive 'extreme unction'; but, as you know, I have done with the Church of Rome."

Upon talking with her she manifested the same willingness to die, and said she trusted in the Saviour for the pardon of her many sins. The next week she was much relieved, and was able to be up and dressed. We carried her some books, which the neighbors read to her sometimes until ten o'clock in the evening. One of these was "Christie's Organ," which has been translated into Spanish, and which especially pleased her. "Oh, how much I like it!" she said; "all the neighbors come to hear it, and last night Francisco — a fisherman — cried like a child over it."

We saw her frequently afterward, and she was always glad to hear read a chapter from the New Testament, or some verses from

a psalm. One day she would seem better, the next worse; until at last a kind neighbor took her to her own house, lest the poor girl should die in her lonely attic when no one was near. She always showed complete tranquillity and trust, and spoke freely of her approaching death. Last Saturday, as I have said, we went to her, and found her breathing with difficulty, but perfectly calm, and seemingly not much worse than on previous days. She told us she was sure that the end was near, but that she was "all ready." My husband prayed, and we left her. In the morning, early, word was brought that she died during the night.

Her kind friends told us, when we went to the house, that she continued conscious, much as when we saw her, to the last. She told them that she was going home. Later, she said: "I am crossing the river in a little boat" (*barquille*). Again, she said: "Do not be troubled if you are criticised for having taken me to your house. God will make it right." (All in the house were Roman Catholics except herself.) Suddenly she placed her hand under her cheek, and, without a sigh, passed away. Sunday afternoon the older school-children and many of the congregation gathered around her coffin and sang in Spanish the hymn, "I'm traveling home to heaven above." We scattered over the simple calico dress roses and spring flowers, before the lid of the common pine coffin was closed. Enveloped in this atmosphere of Christian love, the body of our sister in Christ was carried out for burial.

At the lower door we were met by the brother, who, in desperation and rage, blasphemed and threatened those about him. "What are they doing with that body?" he screamed. "What have you to say about it?" called out a Roman Catholic neighbor, from her window—"you, who never came near her until she was dead!" The truth is, it did not matter much to him where the body was buried, but he was angry that he and his fellow-fishermen could not have the funeral in their own way, when the bull-fight should be concluded.

Some hundred persons were present in the Protestant cemetery, which has been lately provided by the Government for those who die out of the Roman Catholic Church. As the service proceeded, by another gate another procession entered the Catholic cemetery, and, separated only by a wall, our hymns and prayers could have been heard by the company, who, without priest or ceremony of any sort, left their dead and went their way.

As the procession left the cemetery a woman, who was one of Juliana's friends, said: "I loved her; and now I shall choose what she chose, and be buried here with her." Since then she has attended the services in the chapel. So it may be that God will

use the life and death of the poor orphan, who did not even know how to read, for the furtherance of His glory. And she, who little realized the value of her quiet but persistent adherence to the gospel, will probably be surprised when she hears the gracious words of the Saviour, "Well done, good and faithful servant."



A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

In writing to you I wish to include with you a large number of young girls who may not have adopted me for an aunt, but to whom my heart goes out with loving interest. For many weeks I have wanted to say something to you all, and now the "Young People's Department" gives me a welcome opportunity. You do not ordinarily read *LIFE AND LIGHT*, for you have frankly told me so; and yet I hope you will see these pages which are meant expressly for you.

Am I right in thinking that you feel little interest in foreign missions? that the whole subject seems to you vague and remote, and better adapted to old people than young? Some of you belong to mission circles, it is true, but for what reason? Is it for the sake of the good time you have when you spend an afternoon together? for the pleasant excitement of the fair or festival which will follow your winter's work? or is to gratify your mother or Sunday-School teacher that you have entered the circle? With some of you it is a matter of principle, and you forego the pleasure of walking or skating, you lay aside an interesting book or an unfinished letter, because you think you *ought* to be enough interested in missions to make some sacrifices for them. I am glad that you are partakers in this work, but I cannot help wishing you brought to it the same enthusiasm which you feel in other directions.

Yet others do not even belong to any such circle; you are too busy; your lessons and your sewing take so much time; your music, your literary club, your china painting — all are so engrossing that it is quite impossible for you to do anything else. You were asked to look up some facts in regard to missionary work in Japan, and prepare a brief paper about it; but it is quite out of the question! You assert so positively that you cannot spare the time, that I am impressed with the busy life you lead, and apologize for proposing to add one straw's weight to the burden. Still, I hear of you as sharing in the sport of a sleigh-ride or a candy-pull, and as excelling in archery or croquet. I often meet you in the cars with story-

books from the circulating library; you find time to attend lectures and concerts, and would find time for anything else for which you really cared.

Dear girls, is not the difficulty with you all just what I said at the outset? *You are not much interested in foreign missions.* Some of you reproach yourselves for lack of interest, while others dismiss the whole subject as one that does not concern them. Yet I am speaking to Christian girls, who, believing in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, have publicly consecrated yourselves to his service. You love his Word, his people and his house, and it is your daily prayer that his kingdom may come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Surely, your lack of interest is due to a want of definite information. If you really comprehended the extent and character of the work which God has given to Christian women of this century to do for women in heathen lands, you would want to share in it, and, bringing to it the activity and earnestness with which you enter upon other pursuits, you would find pleasure and satisfaction therein. Think what the Woman's Board of Missions is already doing—of the seventy ladies whom it supports as missionaries, of the sixty native Bible-women who are laboring among their own people, of the eighteen boarding-schools where girls are gathered to receive Christian instruction, from which they go out to fill positions of usefulness and responsibility, and of the many village and day schools where the rudiments of education are taught to those who otherwise would grow up in ignorance and darkness.

Look at a single country,—Turkey, for example, where it was formerly considered wholly unnecessary for a woman to learn to read,—and mark this testimony from the *British Quarterly Review*:

“What have the Americans accomplished in Turkey in respect to the improvement of women? They have created a new public sentiment in favor of the education of women. * * * Through the press and by their well-organized schools for girls, as well as by direct effort, are American women lifting up to a higher level the women of Turkey. The case is one of peculiar difficulty, and requires great moral courage, mingled with tact and patience. We are not unwilling to believe that the American ladies who have undertaken this work are the fit agents for carrying it on to a larger success.”

Hear, too, what Dean Howson, of the Church of England, said a few years ago about the need of woman's work:—

“It has seemed to me absolutely certain that, without a miracle, we shall never convert the Mohammedan world except through the agency of women. How can you convert a country unless you

convert the families? How can you convert the families unless you convert the mothers? How can you convert the Mohammedan mothers when you are excluded from their houses? We must have a systematic missionary agency of women, if we are to convert the Mohammedan world."

Are you willing—not for my sake, but for His sake who loved the world enough to die for it—to make an honest effort to become better acquainted with this branch of church work? Is it too much to devote *one hour every month* to studying this subject, whether in the pages of the *Missionary Herald* or *LIFE AND LIGHT*, or in the other publications to which you may have access? If you will begin with the study of one particular field, looking up its past history and its present aspect, and finding who are the workers there, it may prove less confusing than an attempt to comprehend at once all the missions of our Boards, and will also prepare the way to learn of them in the future.

And to this study will you add sincere prayer for the workers and the work, remembering, before God, those who have left country, home, friends, privileges,—as highly prized by them as are yours by you,—in order to carry the Gospel to the perishing, who count not their lives dear to them, but are willing to spend and be spent in Christ's service? You can help them and us, and, by expressions of interest and sympathy, you may give them comfort and cheer. And, though some effort may be required before you feel that genuine interest in missions which has seemed hitherto so impossible, I believe you will yet feel that it is the highest privilege to do anything to publish in all the earth the tidings of salvation through Christ.

If any of you feel disposed to write to me and tell me of the difficulties that you encounter or of the encouragements that brighten your path, it will make me hope that I have not written this letter in vain, and that you are willing to regard me as

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

Our Work at Home.

TRIALS OF PATIENCE.

BY MISS F. J. DYER.

IN our last "pillar of missionary work" the need and value of patience for laborers in the Master's vineyard, both at home and abroad, was abstractly considered. Now let us look upon this

grace as it shines out in those who "have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." In writing to "the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad," the apostle James exhorts believers to strive after this virtue, that they may be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," and at the close of his letter enforces this appeal with an illustration which could not fail to impress a Jewish mind. He says: "Take, my brethren, the prophets for an example of suffering affliction and of patience." But we, who are neither Jews, nor living in the first century of the Christian church, can find beautiful and abundant illustrations nearer home.

Waiting long years for the first convert, and even dying without seeing any fruit of his labor, is naturally considered the greatest trial of a missionary's patience; but a closer scrutiny into the life of any one of these self-denying workers will, I think, reveal many other things no less trying. Among these may be mentioned the acquisition of the language under circumstances the most unfavorable. We who have an abundance of text-books, competent instructors, and comparative leisure in which to study, must read with tender sympathy the following words from Dr. Moffat on this point: "After being compelled to attend to every species of manual, and, frequently, menial labor for the whole day, working under a burning sun, standing on the saw-pit, laboring at the anvil, treading clay, or employed in cleaning a water-ditch, I was in no very fit condition for study, even when a quiet hour could be obtained in the evening for that purpose."

This passage also gives a glimpse of the way in which much precious time is spent that a missionary often longs to give directly to the work of saving souls. In speaking of the hindrances growing out of ignorant interpreters, the same writer says: "Trusting to one who is ignorant and unqualified, is attended with consequences not only ludicrous, but dangerous to the very objects which lie nearest our hearts. One who cannot himself read, and who understands but partially what he is translating, will, as I have often heard, introduce a cart-wheel or an ox-tail into some passage of simple sublimity of Holy Writ, just because some word in the sentence had a similar sound. Thus the passage, 'The salvation of the soul is a great and important subject,' rendered, 'The salvation of the soul is a very great *sack*,' must sound strange indeed." Even where no such vexing mistakes occur, the time spent in acquiring a foreign tongue is a real discipline to earnest souls longing to enter at once upon the work. One of our missionaries, scarcely a year in the field, writes home: "The waiting time, while one is studying, is the hardest of all, and my heart burns to speak to this people in their own language."

A kindred trial is the utter *stupidity* of a heathen mind, especially among the women. Their life embraces so few incidents, their occupations, their thoughts and their cares are confined to so few objects, that their ideas are necessarily few, and it requires a God-given patience to try and develop the faculty of thinking in such barren soil, before any seed can be sown. After laboring for hours to teach them the simplest truth, they will look up and childishly ask, "What is it you wish to tell me?" The incident related by Mrs. Capron, not long since, in which, after months of careful teaching, one of the converts innocently inquires, "Who is that sinner?" is a case in point, and that, too, in a land where the Gospel has been preached for half a century. We who have had Christian lullabys sung over our cradles, and are familiar with the plan of salvation from earliest childhood, rarely consider how discouraging such things are.

If we look carefully at the crude elements out of which the early churches were formed, we shall find many a parallel in the missionary work of to-day. Paul was obliged to write some plain rules to the Corinthians concerning behavior in church, and the lack of decorum in an African congregation is a present source of annoyance to the laborers there. The following description is true to life: "Some would be snoring, others laughing, some working, and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows." To reduce such a turbulent crowd to anything like order and train them to habits of attention, is a work of weary weeks and months.

There is a species of petty vexations, peculiar to no one field but characteristic of all ruder nations, which is worthy of mention. In their earnest desire to win the women who cannot be reached in any other way, our lady missionaries are wont to beguile them into their houses by the click of the sewing-machine or the sound of the organ. But once within, the owner is obliged to yield possession to her prying visitors. Drawers and boxes are pulled open, closets searched, and the privacy of her home invaded with a lawlessness most trying to every womanly soul. If the occurrence were a rare one, it could be more easily borne; but to be constantly subject to impertinent curiosity and idle tampering with one's goods, requires no small degree of forbearance. This evil often

assumes larger proportions, and amounts to open robbery. When a missionary and his wife are engaged in some public service a native will put his head within the church door, discover who is in the pulpit, and, knowing that the speaker will not leave until a certain time, goes to his house and takes whatever suits his untutored fancy. Said one who had suffered much in this way: "When we met in the evening we almost always had some tale to tell about our losses, but never about our gains, except those of resignation and peace—the results of patience, and faith in the unchangeable purposes of Jehovah."

Our laborers in the foreign service are busy people—men and women who utilize every moment of their precious time; but among those whom they go to bless there is no corresponding sense of its value, and this is another way in which their patience is put to the test. One who has labored long in a tropical clime writes home: "We were wont to start very early, having to go on foot, in order to return to the station before the sun got so hot as to cause walking in the sand, especially in thin shoes, to be attended with considerable pain. I have known the chief of a village to defer collecting his people together until the sun had become very hot, knowing our extreme reluctance to return without having had an opportunity of saying something to them about their eternal interests; and when they found this delay compelled the missionary, in his course homeward over a sandy plain, to step from one tuft of grass to another, and stop frequently under the shadow of a bush till his glowing feet should cool, it afforded them no little satisfaction and enjoyment." Where no such savage delight in another's discomfort exists, there is the same waste of golden hours in provoking delays. Among people as civilized as the Japanese, students straggle into their classes an hour or two after the time appointed, and we are all familiar with the forms of tardiness in the Ottoman Empire, as shown in securing land, erecting buildings, and adjusting claims of various kinds.

Dr. Grant thus describes some of the things which are calculated to develop the grace of patience in a medical missionary: "After the most specific directions, they still ask a thousand questions. Must the milk allowed for diet be that of a goat, sheep, buffalo, ass or cow; and if the latter, what must be her color? for, according to them, that of a white cow is cold, and of a red one hot.

The patient not unfrequently asks whether he is to swallow paper and medicine too—if this is not done at once, without inquiry. Then the directions must be repeated over and over; the sick man must know the name of his disease; men of rank must have the pulse felt in both wrists, and then be told every ache and pain they

have without further questioning. Or, if free from both, they must be told what medicine to take to remain so. These are a few of the annoyances occurring, perhaps, fifty times a day. And, after all his labor, the efforts of the physician are often rendered vain, by the patient's going exactly contrary to a plain direction as to medicine or food." Such things are by no means confined to the early history of missions. Only the other day there came a letter giving an account of a woman who utterly refused to change the medicine for her child, even when warned that, by continuing it, the little one might lose its life. She evidently thought that the missionary repented having given away her medicine, and held it tightly, although something equally valuable was offered in its place. Add to this the absence of all household utensils, nothing like a teacup in which to measure anything, no kind of a vessel in which to give a simple foot-bath, and we get some faint idea of how severely the ingenuity, as well as the patience, is often taxed.

To sensitive persons, the utter lack of appreciation on the part of those to whom they are giving their best service, and for whom they are making the noblest sacrifice, is something hard to bear. Said one who was quick to detect this: "There are those, however, who do appreciate it *in proportion as they can apprehend it.*" Ah! this latter clause betrays the secret of the callousness. Do we ever stop to think how our lives are gladdened just by living among people of fine feelings and delicate perceptions? or how much these toilers for Christ's sake may miss the quick and tender sympathy which springs from the root of Christian culture?

And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of all the experiences out of which is developed that "patient continuance in well-doing" which has characterized the saints of all ages. I have mentioned only such as are incidental to the work there, saying nothing about the indifference of those at home, who withhold the support of prayers and peace. But the spirit is not wholly extinct which led the English clergyman to thunder out to young Carey, when he proposed foreign missions as a suitable topic for discussion, "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your help or mine." In this alone there is abundant room for the exercise of patience.

Let it not be imagined that the facts here grouped together are expressions of complaint on the part of the missionaries; on the contrary, they "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and rejoice that they "are counted worthy to suffer shame" for the sake of Him who commissions them to the service.

MISSION SONGS.

WE are happy to announce to our friends the publication of a new hymnal with notes, by the Congregational Publishing Society. It is designed for the use of Missionary Assemblies, Monthly Concerts, Mission Stations, Woman's Boards and Juvenile Mission Bands, and meets a need long felt in the community. The author, Rev. W. S. Hankes, says in his preface: "Hymns suitable for such occasions are scattered through many books, and no one lecture-room collection has a sufficiently large variety. In conference with the secretaries of the American Board, and with the officials of other missionary societies, the book has been given a scope wide enough for annual meetings of the various societies, monthly concerts and missionary gatherings, in the home and foreign fields. A few pieces have also been introduced for the use of choirs on special occasions."

The books are for sale by Mr. Geo. P. Smith, Agent of the Congregational Publishing Society; and also at the rooms of the Woman's Board, and are offered at the extremely low price of twenty cents each. We bespeak for it a wide circulation.

THE following poem, by Mrs. S. B. Pratt, was suggested by reading the articles, "Girls in China," in our Young People's Department.

NO SOULS.

"Women have no souls."

Hark! o'er the waters a mournful refrain
Is borne on the breezes again and again:
List! hear ye not, like a dirge as it tolls,
"We have no souls — no souls?"

"We have hearts that ache, and hunger, and sigh,
As the weary years go creeping by;
But when the earth shall over us fall,
Then that is all — is all.

"The story you tell is wondrous sweet,
Of One who would woo sinning men to his feet;
But we are nothing but brutes, they say,
Nothing but clay — just clay."

Oh, maidens beloved, on whose earthly way
Sweet home-light and love-light is resting away;
Tell to these the sweet story that ever is new;
Here's work for you — for you.

"No souls!" when our Christ's "*whosoever will*"
Is still sweetly ringing o'er vale and o'er hill:
Oh, lovingly call these weary ones in, —
Souls are to win — to win:

Souls that might shine like the stars in His crown,
Dear souls to the darkness of death going down:
Oh, haste! lest they cry while eternity rolls,
"We are lost souls — lost souls!"

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM AUG. 18 TO SEPT. 18, 1879.

MR. BENJAMIN E. BATES, TREASURER.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Gard-
ner, Aux., \$10.78; Bangor,
Aux., \$27.50; Deering, "Giv-
ers and Gainers," of wh. \$25
const. L. M. Miss Alice Gould,
\$30, \$68 28

Total, \$68 28

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—
Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas.
Claremont, Aux., of wh. \$25
const. L. M. Mrs. J. Q. A.
Milton; \$10 by Mrs. E. L.
Goddard, \$40; Exeter, Aux.,
\$14; Second Ch., cl. of boys,
82 cts.; Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Col-
by's S. S. cl., \$3; a friend,
\$1; Francestown, Aux., \$2;
Greenland, Aux., Memorial
of Mrs. E. Robie, \$32; Hamp-
ton, Aux., \$30; "Mizpah Cir-
cle," \$46; Henniker, Aux.,
\$15; Hollis, Aux., \$25; Mem-
orial, Miss Lizzie Farley, \$5;
Hopkinton, Aux., \$8; Keene,
First Ch., of wh. \$25 const. L.
M. Mrs. A. B. Leverett, \$70;
Kingston, Aux. and friends,
const. L. M. Mrs. Mary E.
Chapman, \$27.25; Manches-
ter, First Ch., Aux., \$77;
Franklin St. Ch., \$115; "Ear-
nest Workers," \$35; Meri-
den, Aux., \$6.18; Ladies Kim-
ball U. Academy, 82 cts.;
Merrimack, Aux., \$12.70;
Milford, Aux., const. L. M's
Mrs. Lovell Harris, Miss Ju-
liette Gilson, \$50; Mt. Vernon,
Aux., \$26.78; "Buds of Prom-
ise," \$5.25; New Castle, "Al-
den Mission Circle," \$5; New
Market, Aux., \$11; No. Hamp-
ton, "Mission Circle," \$7.21;
No. Haverhill and Plaistow,
Aux., \$50; "We Girls" const.
L. M's Mary A. Hazeltine,
Mary E. Sawyer, \$50; Mrs.
G. Merrill, const. L. M. Mrs.
Wm. Wallace, \$25; Peter-
boro, Aux., \$25; "Willing
Hearts," \$4.85; Portsmouth,
Aux., \$61.55; Salem, Aux.,
\$10; Scabrook and Hampton
Falls, Aux., \$5.70; Stratham,
Aux., \$14.75; Wilton, Second
Ch., \$20; Winchester, Aux.,
\$14.50; Greenfield, Aux.,
\$15.50; Franklin, Cong. Ch
and So., \$20. Expenses, \$11.50.
Balance, \$976 36

Goffstown.—Aux., \$13.93;
"Mountain Moss Circle,"
\$6.07, 20 00
Webster.—A friend, 5 00
Total, \$1,001 36

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. Geo.
H. Fox, Treas. Quechee, Aux.,
\$10; Royalton, Aux., \$14;
Barnet, Aux., \$2; Strafford,
Aux., \$12.08; Rutland, Aux.,
\$10; Lyndonville, Aux., \$4.25;
"Honest Workers," \$3.25;
Westford, Aux., prev. contri.
const. L. M. Miss Anna
Blanch Ranslow, \$13; Shore-
ham, Aux., const. L. M's Mrs.
B. B. Tottingham, Mrs. M.
L. Caswell, \$50; Burlington,
Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Eve-
line D. Benedict const. self
L. M., \$50; Windsor, Aux.,
of wh \$25 const. L. M. Mrs.
D. L. Ray, \$25 by Mrs. John
F. Freeman, const. L. M.
Miss Lizzie Freeman, Plain-
field, N. H., \$65. Expenses,
\$5. Balance, \$228 58
Total, \$228 58

MASSACHUSETTS.

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. S. N.
Russell, Treas. Lee, First Ch.,
Aux., \$250; So. Egremont,
Aux., \$21; Dalton, Aux.,
prev. contri. const. L. M.
Mrs. Emily F. Tyler, \$18.52;
Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux.,
\$10.35, \$299 87
Dracut.—Central Ch., Aux., 10 00
East Falmouth.—Aux., \$10.86;
"Helping Hands," \$1.04, 11 90
Fall River.—Central Ch., Mis-
sion S. S. cl., 2 00
Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss L.
A. Sparhawk, Treas. Ber-
nardston, Aux., \$14.31; Shel-
burne, Aux., \$8.42, 22 73
Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss
Isabella G. Clarke, Treas.
Northampton, Mrs. W., \$50;
Southampton, Aux., \$27;
Belchertown, Aux., const. L.
M. Mrs. P. W. Lyman, \$26.50, 103 50
Harwichport.—Mrs. S. R. Mun-
sell, 2 00
Middlesex Branch.—Mrs.
E. H. Warren, Treas. Lin-
coln, First S. S. cl., 40 00

<i>Norfolk Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Franklin Shaw, Treas. So. Weymouth, Aux., Union Ch., \$25; Marshfield, Ch. Aux., \$9,	34 00
<i>North Essex Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. A. Perkins, Treas. West Boxford, Aux.,	20 00
<i>Sherburne.</i> —A friend,	2 00
<i>South Essex Conf. Branch.</i> —Miss H. K. Osgood, Treas. Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch., Aux., \$11.35; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., \$53; Danvers Centre, "Braman Mission Band," \$10; Middleton, Aux., \$10,	84 35
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Longmeadow, Aux., Ladies' Benev. Soc'y, \$20.85; Palmer, Second Ch., \$14.65; West Granville, Ch., \$6; Feeding Hills, Aux., \$3.50; Springfield, Olivet Ch., "Olive Branch," \$9,	54 00
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra Child, Treas. Boston, Park St. Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Emily F. Pike const. self L. M., \$30; So. Boston, Phillips Ch., Mrs. James Patter-son, \$5; Jamaica Plain, "Wide Awakes," \$15 for Florence Clark scholarship; \$15 for Amelia C. Gould scholar-ship; Chelsea, First Ch., Aux., \$42.56; West New-ton, Mrs. Hall, \$2; Allston, a friend, \$3,	112 56
<i>West Attleboro.</i> —First Ch. Soc'y,	12 00
<i>Westford.</i> —Union Cong. Ch. and Soc'y,	2 00
<i>West Medway.</i> —A friend,	50
<i>Woburn Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs. N. W. C. Holt, Treas. No. Woburn, Aux., \$9; Reading, Aux., \$8; Winchester, Aux., \$56; "Eddie's Mission Cir- cle," \$10,	83 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Russell, Treas. Spen- cer, Aux., \$10; "Riverside Hclpers," \$15; Warren, Aux., \$11; Fitchburg, C. C. Ch., \$30; Leicester, "Strawberry Hill Gleaners," \$5; Milford, Aux., \$32; Shrewsbury, "Lights on the Hill," \$9; Hubbardston, Aux., \$10; Royalston, Aux., \$75; Whit- insville, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. J. C. Whittin const. L. M. Miss Kate B. Tillinghast, of Hopkinton, \$25 by Mrs. J. Lasell const. L. M. Mrs. R. R. Clark, \$119.40; West Brookfield, Dis. No. 3, \$1,	317 40
<i>Yarmouth.</i> —Aux.,	7 75

Total, \$1,221 56

LEGACY.

Legacy of Mrs. Sarah A. Da-
mou, Westminster, \$208 00

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Chas. A. Jewell, Treas. Simsbury, Aux., \$30; "Pearl Gather-ers," \$19; Ellington, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Miss Sarah K. Gilbert const. self L. M., \$10 by Mrs. J. M. Talcott, \$70; Dayville, "Mission Circle," \$20; Rocky Hill, "Fragment Gatherers," \$5,
 \$144 00 |

Total, \$144 00

NEW YORK.

Acade.—Aux., \$5 00
Lebanon Springs.—A friend, 80
Total, \$5 80

PENNSYLVANIA.

Neath.—Aux., \$13 60
Total, \$13 60

OHIO.

Middlefield.—L. S. Buell, \$5 00
Total, \$5 00

WISCONSIN.

Geneva.—"Rainbow Circle,"
pupil Harpoot, \$20 00
Oakfield.—Aux., 4 88
Total, \$24 88

MINNESOTA.

St. Peter.—Mrs. Jane A. Tread-
well, \$5 00
Total, \$5 00

General Funds, \$2,118 06
LIFE AND LIGHT, 208 30
Weekly Pledge, 35
Leaflets, 4 50
Legacy, 208 00

Total, \$3,139 21

ERRATA.—The money acknowledged in the August number from Merri- mac should have been from Ames- bury.

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, Ass't Treas.

Board of the Interior.

TURKEY.

VACATION IN ARMENIA.

BY MISS C. O. VAN DUZEE.

As soon as school closed we "folded our tents" and "stole away" one bright, hot morning, to this cool gorge in mountains five miles from Erzroom, where there are two hundred trees crowded into a small space, plenty of water from a mill-stream, and very cold spring-water to drink. Mr. Cole's tent and ours are under the trees, and just across a stream of water are three more tents, containing two students and their families and half a dozen of our school girls; others of our people come and go. Saturday night fourteen came out with a tent and spent Sunday and Monday, making our number forty-two. This morning eight more have come and put up a tent. I suppose they will be here four or five days.

We came out here in ox-carts, and very likely resembled, in miniature, Jacob's train, when he went down to Egypt — except that I think he didn't have umbrellas, whereas Miss Bliss and I did. There were eight carts, well loaded, and a carriage, in which Mrs. Cole rode. Their horse fell dead on the way, and they continued their journey by tying the carriage to a loaded cart, while Mr. Cole mounted the cart-load and guided the carriage by holding the thills. Two cows, a calf, a donkey and a sheep filled in the spaces of the caravan, and made variety by finding out ways of their own in which they could not be allowed to go.

We had a kerosene-can with us (for our oil-stove), which had been filled too full; and as the road is rough and the cart had no springs, the perfume was on the air all around our cart. I wish you could have seen us. I was sitting on a bag of wood with a cushion on it. The bag got untied, and a man behind gathered a whole armful before we knew where it came from. The first time Miss Bliss rode on one of these carts she laughed, and was quite surprised that every one whom we passed took it quite as a matter of course, and did not laugh.

Yesterday afternoon quite a party of us went to the top of the mountain on the left of our camp, and had a splendid view of the

plain and mountains around. We had, besides, a walk of some four miles. This afternoon or to-morrow we expect to go to the top of the mountain on the other side. Next week we return to the city, and then we shall be very busy for two or three months.

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS PORTER.

THE whole trip from the United States was exceedingly pleasant, smooth seas, agreeable traveling companions, and most cordial kindness from friends in the ports, uniting to make it restful and enjoyable. The day at Yokohama was full of pleasure. At Kobe I stopped over one steamer, visiting Kioto and Osaka in the week that gave me. You hear so frequently of the work in Japan that I need not tell you of that. I was stimulated by what I saw; but only to love China, in her darkness and stolidity, the more fervently.

We reached Tungeho at noon on the 17th of June, and came on the same afternoon to Peking. I cannot describe that part of it; I took them by surprise at the last,—as they had not thought we could get up the river so quickly,—and came upon them just at dinner-time. How happy the school-girls were! And I?—happiest, most grateful of them all. That was a week ago; now, I am quite settled in my little house, which, by the changes made after I left, is now both airy and healthful.

Miss Diament has the care of the school in Miss Chapin's absence, and everything is in the beautiful, careful order that always results from her administration. I am going as far as Tungeho, to meet Miss Chapin and to see the dear friends there, whose faces I hardly looked at in my eagerness to reach Peking last week. We look for tidings from Shantung every day, and hope soon to hear that Mrs. Smith and Miss Chapin are coming back. I hope you have heard from Miss Chapin herself of the work she and Mrs. Smith are doing in Shantung. It is a work such as has never been given to any of the ladies here before, and we trust the results may reach on to the far future. Famine again stares that and some other provinces in the face, and we hardly dare think what some of the coming months may bring; but God reigns, and is working out His purposes, even in the dispensations which are darkest to our sight.

[In a more recent letter to her family friends, Miss Porter says that their fears of another famine have been relieved by the falling of abundant rains.]

OCCUPATIONS OF CHINESE WOMEN.

IN China there is much "domesticity" among the common people, but no concealment,—all home, but no privacy,—so that it is easy to observe them.

Embroidery engrosses the time of hundreds of women in Soochow. They begin to learn their trade very early in life, and many, before they reach middle age, have impaired their eyes permanently at the embroidery-frame. Those who give instruction to beginners can teach but eight pupils at a time; and as each pupil pays at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents a year, it is plain that such teaching is not very remunerative. Nor is the work itself very profitable. For inferior kinds of embroidery, six cents a day is given. For better work the shop-keepers offer fifteen cents a day. The most expert workers in the city—those employed on the clothing for the royal family—say that their daily earnings average but thirty cents; the very highest amount is not beyond sixty cents. They speak of golden periods, such as the marriage of an emperor, when they can make much more than that in the same time; but such periods are few and far between.

I know one family of three persons who subsist on the daily wages of the mother—twenty cents; and the majority of embroiderers probably get, on an average, little more than this sum. (My authority for any figures given in this paper is derived from statements made by women engaged in the different kinds of work. Whether such statements were always strictly accurate, I cannot say.)

The process of silk manufacture, especially reeling and winding the thread, gives employment to many women. Their daily wages vary. Some have told me that they received eighteen cents, whilst one poor old woman said she could only make five cents a day. She consoled herself with the reflection that she had no family, and for one alone "it made no difference."

The wholesale shoe-shops furnish quantities of work. Plain tops for mens' shoes are put out for seven cents a day. Where a shoe is nicely embroidered for a lady, seven cents is the price paid for each large flower, or for a bunch of small flowers. Some women do not take work from the shops, but make the shoes complete, and retail them for thirty cents a pair. The embroidery on these is very common.

Sewing-women are to be found seated at almost every street corner and on the principal bridges, working in the open air. Their garments are usually masses of patches, serving at once as proofs of their skill and marks of their poverty. Closely allied to the sewing-women are those that make hats.

Until noon every day the market-women are very conspicuous figures. Although ragged and dirty, they have a sturdy, cheerful look; and when vending their fish, fowls or vegetables, they show themselves to be shrewd hands at a bargain. Those who deal in vegetables are a particularly busy class, for they are as active in cultivating their small farms as in selling the produce. Often have I sat with them in their hut doors, talking with them as they plied their tasks of sorting salad or tying bunches of garlic, in readiness for the morrow's market; or, I have watched them as they dredged the canals near their homes with long nets, bringing up treasures of mud and water-weeds,—more useful than savory,—to be used as fertilizers. In the early spring these women add a few cash to their earnings by selling flowers—either baskets of blossoms broken short from the stems, or in long branches to which the blooms are secured by means of slender pine splinters. A remarkable botanical contrast is sometimes presented, as when the flowers of a holly-hock blush amongst the leaves of a peach-tree branch.

Frequently one woman will unite several occupations, following one or another, as circumstances dictate. Thus, some officiate as barbers, removing the eye-brows and front hair of young ladies before marriage, and keeping the faces of their lady customers generally free of hair. They will also, for a few cash, scarify the necks of said customers, when such an operation is required; besides this they will wait on brides, watching that the fortunate tapers burn throughout the wedding night, and performing minor services. These convenient women are often called in to assist in preparing for the burial rites of a deceased person; they are recompensed according to the wealth and liberality of the families they serve, sometimes receiving several dollars, sometimes only a few cash.

The waiting-maids form an important class in the working world; their duties are multifarious, though not very onerous. One thus described her round: "I clean my lady's pipe, and hand it to her when she calls. Every day I dress the hair of two ladies in Shanghai style, and I wash their clothes, all for one dollar a month." Their wages are sometimes as low as seventy cents a month, but are supplemented by presents at the chief feasts: and, besides, such women always receive their "rice." Whilst speaking of maids, I may note that there are women who open a kind of "intelligence office," where, on the payment of a small sum by the applicant, they recommend servants, both men and women, and send them on trial, such trial being limited to three days.

Small fruit-shops, and shops to retail incense, paper money and numerous small articles, are managed by women. Many women

are occupied in making the coarser kinds of this paper money. Whilst one of these manufacturers is busy at her table, you may talk to her of the doctrine, but her restless hands never pause in their work; and if her lips frame an inquiry, it will probably be, "If I believed your words, how should I make a living?"

One afternoon I was invited into a dark room in which a woman was making Chinese lamp-wicks, from the pith of reeds. Stripping off the outer husks of the long "reed straws," she inserted the broad blade of a knife in one end of the pith, and with wonderful dexterity drew it through the whole length, casting the white strips on a bench beside her with such rapidity that I could hardly keep count of the number. The earthen floor was heaped with husks, in the midst of which this woman sat working as she had done, from dawn until dark, for years. Others toil in the same way for a mere pittance of cash.

There are individuals, unmistakably of the "genus crone," who turn a penny — I do not say an honest one — by dabbling in the mysteries of medicine and fortune-telling. Their prescriptions are not very inviting. For instance, to cure a cold, one must drink a preparation of "powder of dried grasshoppers." These women are in request to relieve toothache, which they profess to do by placing a thumb and finger on the hollow tooth, chanting at the same time a rhyme or incantation, to the tune of which a small worm is supposed to wriggle from the cavity, to be caught by the skillful fingers — and, lo! the toothache is gone. I once ventured politely to question the existence of the "tooth-worm," but was met by the assurance that many people had "*seen* them taken out." It is certain that cash is paid for their extraction.

I have found women pursuing a variety of small, miscellaneous trades, such as painting lanterns and fans, making ornaments for fans, weaving ribbons for girdles, plaiting strings to lengthen cues, making "switches" of hair, and the like. Some time since a woman tried to sell me one of these "switches," alleging its cheapness as a reason for my buying. It had a blue china ornament inserted in it, and the whole was only seventeen cents. She marveled that the "foreign woman" would not invest in that product of a Chinese sister's skill. Making paper-boxes, to be used in the jewelry-shops, is one source of scanty gain. An expert hand can make a thousand boxes in a comparatively short time, but the profit is very small. The girls in a family are taught their mother's trade as soon as possible, and a clever girl can earn at least half as much as her mother, which is such an addition to the family support as to form one of the principal excuses urged for not sending girls to school.

The Chinese working-women may have no "career" open to them, but they manage to get through an indefinite quantity of drudgery in the course of their lives. They make every edge cut; in odd moments they will gather grass, to dry for fuel for themselves and to sell to others. One day a mouse-nest was discovered in our pantry; and a woman, with this readiness to turn things to account, forthwith placed the tenants of the nest in her rice-bowl, secured them therein, and went to a drug-store, to "sell them to make medicine." Begging is the regular profession of many women, in not a few instances from taste, rather than necessity; but the limits of this paper forbid any discussion of the habits and gains of "that extraordinary class in rags, groping for rubbish and refuse."

In all this list of occupations there is not one that requires any mental culture—a sad illustration of the fact that the birthright of the average Chinese woman is one of intellectual and spiritual gloom. I have tried to obtain a woman competent to teach small girls, but have not yet succeeded. I have heard that in this city there are two ladies, the daughters of physicians, who trained them in their own professions. They, therefore, have read the usual Chinese medical courses, can write their prescriptions, and they practice among the women. I inquired what was the fee for a visit, and my informant replied that it varied, but that the highest charge was three dollars and chair-hire. These ladies are both married, and one of them is said to have obtained some local celebrity as a practitioner.

But the majority of women plod on in the same groove of ignorance and toil trodden by their ancestresses for ages; they work hard for their husbands and children, and some of them know what it is to have scanty food, and hard blows besides; for their husbands, as well as their mothers-in-law, seem to think with that royal personage who said, "Women are like cutlets—the more you beat them, the better they are."

Deprived from childhood of those "things which are the mother-tongue of our imagination," the working women are usually dull. The chief changes they have known are those from one season to another—from heat to cold, and from cold to heat again. The only dates they remember are those of the great feasts, when they worship the ancestors or the gods, and one date besides, to which they perpetually recur, that of the civil war, when rich and poor were overtaken in the same ruin.

Their lot has its mitigations,—they are often wonderfully cheerful,—but still it is a hard one. And its end? There are many fields of long grass on the outskirts of the Chinese cities whose

surfaces are covered with coarse coffins, bound around with coarser matting; or, perchance, at intervals, the coffins are concealed by mounds of earth. There is not a gravestone, not a tree, not a flower, save where some wild-blossom grows, as if in pity; there many of the poor working-women rest at last. The sight is full of sadness — unavailing sadness, except for the increased earnestness with which it turns us toward the dwellings of the living, for whom effort is yet possible, and who may yet be taught that,

“ Seeking them Christ’s worn feet hasted;
On the cross His soul death tasted.”

MISS SAFFORD, in “*Woman’s Work in China.*”

MARSOVAN NEWS NOTES.

YESTERDAY was organized, in Marsovan, a Græco-Armenian Missionary Society, for the evangelization of the surrounding country. Beginning its career with forty members, paying one hundred and fifty dollars a year each, we hope it will increase vastly in strength, and assume, finally, the work which the American Board is now doing in these parts.

The average of accessions to the Marsovan Church at each communion for two years has been about fifteen, or sixty a year. Let those revise their ideas, who persist in the notion that our fruits are more scant and our work more discouraging than those of workers at home. The Marsovan Church itself is a ripe fruit: it supports its own institutions, and is now organizing itself for missionary work, as stated above.

THERE is still much thick darkness about us. The nominal Christians have scores of holy-days and holidays, and too few working days. Among their days to be much observed is one called the Mouse Festival — a day observed to propitiate the mice, that they may not gnaw their yarn, bags, etc. Another day is kept to secure children against having crooked spines and limbs. We have not yet found any native who feared to plant in the old of the moon.

THE Turkish government, having issued millions of paper money without the facilities for its redemption, have devised a fine plan for the emergency — a plan having sole reference, of course, to the public good. It consists — taking a short cut to its real meaning — in collecting eighty per cent of all dues from the people, and paying only twenty-five per cent of their dues to the people. The latter stand aghast, penniless, with their hands full of repudiated paper.

SEVERAL pashas, governors and other rulers in these parts have been buying and selling helpless refugees from Batoom, also imprisoning and brutally treating others of the same class for declaring that they were Christians and denying that they were slaves. The Protestants in Vezir Keopreu were the means of liberating some of them once; but they were soon seized again by order of the pasha, taken to Amasia, and sold or imprisoned. The Protestant brethren there sent us a statement of the facts, which we forwarded to the capital, with a letter, to be placed before the ambassadors. Thanks to their influence, stern orders have come from the Porte for the instant liberation of said captives, and for the granting of all needful assistance to them. Disorder reigns about us, but we thank God for even the distant muttering of British thunder.

Home Department.

OUR NEIGHBORS' WAYS.

WE are so busy at home, that we do not often have a chance to see how our neighbors do it — this missionary work. One vacation day, however, we were invited to the monthly meeting of a live auxiliary, neither Western nor Congregational. India, China and Japan were there; not after the manner of the "model meeting," but veritable veterans in the work were present. Prominent among them was Miss Brittan, of Calcutta, whose work among the Zenanas has had its reflective influence upon all our societies. The Woolston sisters, workers for twenty years in China, gave glimpses of school-room life in Foochow, and many bits of experience such as are not found in our magazines. Miss Guthrie, of Japan, was the last speaker upon this interesting occasion.

We struggling auxiliaries do not often have such opportunities. This one is privileged, because it is at a center of rest for missionaries.

Those who are wishing for missionary intelligence, will do well to follow the example of this auxiliary. It takes the magazines of the different societies, and during the month they go the rounds of the members. It also has monthly tea-meetings, and, with a wonderful knowledge of human nature, invites and feeds the gentlemen, and calls upon them for speeches. They feel so well, and have so good a time, that they have been known in that neighbor-

hood to give twenty-five dollars for the privilege of becoming life-members.

As might be inferred, the surrounding region is a well-tilled missionary field. Perhaps the seeds of activity were sown when it was found that it had yielded up the Mormon bible from a cave in one of its hills, and when some lady (Presbyterian, I believe) felt pricked in her conscience from neglecting to get Jo Smith into her Sunday-School class. Even Jemima Wilkinson, who gathered her followers about her and held sway as the "universal friend," may have contributed, by her proximity, to develop a missionary spirit.

Another outing was the annual meeting of the G—— district, including twenty-nine auxiliaries representing Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches. It was held in a beloved physician's gospel tent. The trains came bringing women with baskets, and the general liveliness in the town made people inquire, "What gala day is this?" Evidently, some festival was in progress. Ah! they were daughters of a King, assembling to tell one another what they had done in his name.

The morning was devoted to hearing reports, methods of work, and results, comparing notes, etc.; the noon hour to a lunch and social reunion; the afternoon to general exercises. The first hour, texts were repeated by different persons in the audience, bearing upon the subject, "Christ as our Redeemer." This was followed by addresses from missionaries, guests and friends.

It was an enjoyable and interesting service, from beginning to end. The meeting of the different societies, the general good feeling and mutual helpfulness, were suggestive of what might be done in other places to promote the cause. * * *

A YOUNG LADIES' SOCIETY.

As we are always anxious to receive suggestions which will secure added interest to our society, I have decided to send a little sketch of our work to LIFE AND LIGHT, hoping, somewhat selfishly, perhaps, that it may call out valuable hints, by which we may be benefited.

The society has been in operation for two years, and though our numbers are not very large, there is considerable interest manifested. We adopted for a name "The Whatsoever Band," and chose for our motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." I feel strongly inclined to believe that some of our number who did not enjoy the motto when put into operation, have deserted our ranks, in anticipation of the time when the last half of that verse, of which the above is a part, shall be fulfilled.

We have the usual officers and constitution for a society, and meet every two weeks in our pastor's study. The meeting is opened with singing and prayer, after which the roll is called, and each member responds to her name by a verse of Scripture from some particular portion suggested the week previous. The minutes of the last meeting are listened to; and if there is any matter of business it receives attention; after which we employ ourselves with sewing or fancy work, while the topic of the week is discussed.

The president apportions to each one her part for the next meeting, so there is no confusion. For instance, one draws a map of the country indicating the different mission stations; another brings a paper in relation to its physical structure and its government; a third describes its religion; a fourth its women; and another its missions. All are urged to bring pictures of the natives, of their temples, or any matter of interest they may find relating to the subject. We find that an hour and a half or two hours pass away very rapidly while thus engaged.

Our work consists in fulfilling orders — when we can get them — and in preparing for a fair which is held annually. Though we are sometimes discouraged, we have much to be thankful for, and trust that the Lord will increase us in numbers and usefulness.

“Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.”

MARY WHITING.

FAREWELL MEETING.

ON Wednesday, Sept. 3d, a meeting was held by the ladies of Union Park Congregational Church, Chicago, to bid farewell to Miss Ada Haven, one of their own number, who was to leave the following day for China, where she goes as a missionary of the W. B. M. I. Miss Sara B. Clapp, of Wauwatosa, Wis., who accompanies Miss Haven to Chiua, was also present. The mothers of both of these young ladies are officially connected with our Board, and by the willing offering of these precious gifts they prove their own devotion to the work. Many loving thoughts and fervent prayers will follow both of these young friends on their journey and in their future work. Their earnest parting words will long linger in the memory of those present, and the occasion will be remembered as one of peculiarly tender interest.

“WITH God, go over the sea; without him, not over the threshold.”

ANNUAL MEETING.

OUR readers will remember the Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. I. at Oberlin, Ohio, Nov. 5th and 6th, and auxiliaries that have not already appointed delegates will, no doubt, make haste to do so. It is important that every auxiliary should be represented at this meeting by one or more delegates, according to the number to which they are entitled by the Constitution.

 LEAFLETS OF W. B. M. I.

THE following pamphlets and leaflets, issued by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, can be obtained by applying to Secretary W. B. M. I., 75 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. :—

“Ten Years' Review,” by Mrs. E. E. Humphrey, price 6 cents; “Literature of Missions,” by Mrs. L. C. Purington, 5 cents a copy—50 cents a dozen; “Parish of Fair Haven,” by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, 5 cents a copy—50 cents a dozen; “Tamil Women,” by Mrs. H. K. Palmer, 5 cents a copy—50 cents a dozen; “Birth-right of the King's Children,” by Miss H. A. Hillis, 3 cents a copy—30 cents a dozen.

“The Unapplied Talent of the Women of our Churches,” by Miss Mary Evans; “How to Manage a Missionary Society,” by Mrs. S. J. Rhea; “Thanksgiving Ann.” Each of the above, 2 cents a copy, or 15 cents a dozen.

“The Baby's Money—what shall we do with it?” by Mrs. Carrie L. Post; “Shall we Combine Home and Foreign Work?” “Woman's Boards—why they exist;” “Constitution for Mission Bands,” 12 cents a dozen; single copies furnished gratuitously.

We also have on hand “Historical Sketches of the Missions of the American Board,” and pamphlets of Missionary Maps, published by the A. B. C. F. M. The Historical Sketches comprise eight pamphlets, as follows: Africa; Turkey; India and Ceylon; China; Japan; Sandwich Islands, Micronesia and Marquesas; North American Indians; Papal Lands.

These sketches are sold at 6 cents a copy, or the set of eight sketches for 30 cents. The Pamphlet of Maps, comprising maps of all the missions of the American Board, is sold at 10 cents a copy.

“WE are inclined to underrate the practical effect of wide thoughts and of great ideals. But life is impoverished and action is enfeebled for the lack of them.”

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

FROM AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1879.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

OHIO BRANCH.

Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. <i>Brooklyn Village</i> , for pupil at Samokov, \$17; <i>Cornersville</i> , eight little girls, \$1.94; <i>Corry, Pa.</i> , for Miss Collins, \$2; <i>Huntington</i> , \$5.47; <i>Lindinville</i> , for Mrs. Renville, \$10; <i>Marietta, Aux.</i> , for Samokov school, and to const. Mrs. J. J. Manatt, Mrs. G. R. Rossetti and Mrs. G. R. Woodruff, L. M.'s, \$75; Young Ladies of Second Ch., \$3.53; <i>Medina</i> , \$7; <i>Plain</i> , for Bible-reader, \$15.30; <i>Tallmadge</i> , \$14.35; <i>Wakeman</i> , \$5.85; <i>Wayne</i> , \$5,	\$162 44
Total,	\$162 44

MICHIGAN BRANCH.

<i>Almont</i> , of wh. \$3.50 from S. S., \$13; <i>Armada</i> , \$15; <i>Detroit</i> , First Cong. Ch., "Sunbeam Band," \$25; <i>Tackson</i> , First Ch., for Miss Hollister, \$25; <i>Kalamazoo</i> , First Cong. Ch., for pupil at Samokov, \$34; <i>Memphis</i> , for Miss Pinkerton, \$7; <i>Marshall</i> , \$7.15; <i>Paint Creek</i> , \$10; <i>Three Oaks</i> , \$20; <i>Vicksburg, S. S.</i> , for school in Dakota, \$1.10,	\$157 25
Total,	\$157 25

ILLINOIS.

<i>Champaign</i> , \$5 00	
<i>Chicago</i> , Bethany Ch., \$7; Lincoln Pk. Ch., "Mission Band," of wh. from Infant Cl., \$13.30, const. Miss Lydia M. Tichenor L. M., \$25; Union Pk. Ch., for Miss Van Duzee, \$50; Tabernacle Ch., "Mother's Meeting," \$2,	84 00
<i>Fremont</i> ,	5 00
<i>Geneseo</i> , "Band of Sisters,"	10 00
<i>Girdley</i> , Young People's Foreign Missionary Society,	5 00
<i>Kewanee</i> , for Samokov school,	20 00
<i>Loda</i> , Young Ladies of Cong. Ch., for Miss Haven,	10 00
<i>Lyonsville</i> ,	5 10
<i>Mendon</i> , Mrs. J. Fowler, const. Mrs. E. I. Dickerman, L. M., \$25; Mrs. M. J. Bray, \$5; Mrs. F. A. Garrett, \$1,	31 00
<i>Princeton</i> , for Miss Porter,	38 01
<i>Sheffield</i> ,	9 60
<i>St. Charles</i> ,	10 00
Total,	\$232 71

WISCONSIN.

<i>Appleton</i> , for Miss Chapin's language teacher,	\$14 76
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<i>Alderly</i> , for Bible-reader near Cesarea,	\$3 00
<i>Burlington</i> , for Miss Collins,	11 00
<i>Eau Claire</i> , const. Mrs. C. F. Mayhew, L. M.,	25 00
<i>Ft. Howard</i> , Mrs. D. C. Curtiss,	10 00
<i>Menasha</i> ,	14 51
<i>Milwaukee</i> , Spring St. Ch., Aux., for Stomata, \$39; Mrs. Dr. Hanson, for Dakota, \$3,	42 00
<i>New Lisbon</i> , "Mission Band," \$2; Aux., \$11.76; all for pupil at Samokov,	13 76
<i>Salem</i> , Mrs. G. W. Sargent, for Stomata,	3 00
Total,	\$137 03

IOWA.

<i>IOWA BRANCH</i> , Mrs. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Treas. <i>Anamosa</i> , for O Rigi San, at the Kobe Home, \$10; <i>Burlington</i> , for Efdin, \$2.25; <i>Fairfax</i> , for Efdin, \$7.50; <i>Grinnell</i> , Aux., for Miss Hillis, \$84.88; <i>Lyons</i> , for Miss Day, \$30; <i>Ogden</i> , for Efdin, Aux., \$5.65; "Busy Bees," \$15; <i>Webster City</i> ,	\$162 28
<i>Chester Centre</i> , "Little Helpers,"	10 00
<i>Grinnell</i> , Cong. Ch. and So., for Miss Hillis,	55 00
Total,	\$227 28

MINNESOTA.

<i>MINNESOTA BRANCH</i> , Mrs. J. W. Strong, of Northfield, Treas. <i>Minneapolis</i> , First Cong. Ch., E. D., \$20; Second Cong. Ch., \$20; <i>Owatonna</i> , \$24.13; <i>Plainview</i> , \$10; <i>St. Paul</i> , Plymouth Ch. \$25, for Miss Barrows, of Ceylon, \$124 13	
<i>Minneapolis</i> , "Young Ladies' Miss'y So.," for pupil at Samokov,	8 50
Total,	\$132 63

KANSAS.

<i>Topeka</i> ,	\$7 50
Total,	\$7 50

NEBRASKA.

<i>Fontenelle</i> , Cong. Ch., "Sewing Circle,"	\$5 75
Total,	\$5 75

PENNSYLVANIA.

<i>Philadelphia</i> , friends, for Miss Porter's work,	\$60 00
Total,	\$60 00

Total for the month,	\$1,122 59
Previously acknowledged,	13,634 67
Total since Nov. 1, 1878,	\$14,757 26

Board of the Pacific.

EDITORIAL.

OUR young people are becoming more and more interested in the good work of sending the Gospel to those who are living without its light. We hear, from time to time, of new societies springing up here and there in our home field, or those whose enthusiasm had begun to wane being revived, and working with renewed vigor. There are the "Little Workers," "Busy Bees," "Gleaners," and various other organizations, who, with cheerful hearts and willing hands are learning now, in the days of their youth, to use the time and talents given them to do what they can toward bringing in the white and waiting harvest of thirsting souls—souls bought with a price, and who are calling with an urgency that will be heard, for a drink of the water of life, which flows so freely for all, and only waits to be carried to those who are reaching out their hands for the cup of which, if they drink, they will never thirst again. These societies have their meetings for work, both fancy and plain, their fairs for gathering in the funds, just as necessary for carrying on this, as any enterprise; and so, as they work, they grow more and more in the Christian graces, and in unselfish helpfulness to others. Let us all do with our might what our hands find to do, knowing that the night cometh when no one can work.

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS RAPPELYE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

FROM time to time cheering news comes of increasing interest among the children and young people in the cause of missions. Your daily plannings as to how you can help along the work, your frequent gatherings for carrying out schemes for raising funds, and, most of all, your united, earnest prayers for success in your work, that the day of general knowledge of the true Gospel may be hastened, all must be most acceptable service to Him who permits us to labor in his vineyard. When young, light, trusting and hopeful hearts become interested in anything, there is pretty sure to be successful effort made to secure the desired result. I often wish we could have the children of this land untrammelled by any

home authority, freed from the terrible bands of superstition that keep them groveling in the dust, and untaught by prejudiced superiors. Why, in two generations what a lovely land this would be! Nature is so beautiful here and so rich in material resources, but the minds and souls are so cramped by false and corrupt religions and by kingly and priestly misrule, that it is not like a free country. I sometimes am so discouraged, after working so hard for individual pupils, and when I know you have worked so hard for them, too, to find that the example, words and teachings of the parents seems to bring to naught all the fruit. Within the last few weeks the school has been feeling the pressure of the persecution instituted by the Greek priests, who are jealous of the growing favor of the Protestant schools. Threats of excommunication were made to the parents of any child who attended these schools. Several pupils did not come one Monday morning, and I soon found out the cause. Boys from the Greek schools came and beat the pupils that attend the mission school for boys. I found it necessary to send for the police, and since then there has been comparative quiet, although now we can never go out without being called out after by the children in the streets.

The Turkish children, since the war, are more civil than they were before; but just now the "Orthodox" Greek children are very bitter in their expression of contempt for Protestants. If their parents had taught them at home the principles of the Gospel, would they want to do so to any kind of people, much less to those who try to find out what the Gospel really does teach? No; but as the children are taught to kiss the image of the Saviour, so are they taught, when in the arms of their mothers, to hate the Protestants. But, then, persecution brings out the pure gold and makes it shine, so that we know where it is. So a young man, lately, has dared to own to his threatening relatives, "I am a Protestant." He is a fine young man, and unsparing efforts have been made to keep him in the old church. So, also, one of our pupils has been strengthened to endure the taunts of her older brothers, and even threats of her parents, and so managed as to come not only to school, but also to Sunday School. She told me that, when she could not get away, she felt very badly, and could not eat. Her name is Helen. Pray for her. Last Sunday she came, with her four brothers and sisters, to Sunday School. Individual progress seems to be slow, but, on the whole, the true path is being more and more filled every year; and some of those your own efforts, my dear children, have brought there. So, pray on, work on, hope on. Not one offering will your Heavenly Father neglect to record. The pupils in this school send their grateful love to all of you.

MEXICO.

HOW RITA SOWED THE GOOD SEED.

BY MRS. WATKINS.

RITA was one of our best Christians, who, with her family, had to leave Guadalajara, on account of the great poverty here two years ago. We had missed her, and great was our joy when, on her return, she was announced to us with her family. We all assembled and listened to the story of her work and her sufferings for Christ's sake, for over two hours, often with moistened eyes, and with praises on our lips to Him who had done so much for her, and who had inspired her to preach Christ wherever she went. While in Zacatecas she lived in a house where were three families, each family having their own separate room, but their court-yard in common. One day while sewing at her door, her neighbor called to her to go and sit by her to sew. She drew near, and conversation commenced. The woman was one that confessed and partook of the sacrament very frequently, and, of course, a great fanatic. She said to Rita, in course of the conversation, "Is not that a beautiful picture of the Virgin?" referring to an image on the wall; whereupon Rita began to talk to her about the images, and that God was a jealous God, and the worship of images he condemned; that he had created us, and given us all things, and that to him alone we should ascribe praise. The woman listened and wondered as Rita talked and quoted the commandments and passages of Scripture from memory, to sustain her argument.

Day after day was passed in a similar manner, as they had a few minutes together, when the woman was taken with a fever. Daily, she wanted Rita to talk and pray with her; and the seventh day of the fever, and the last of her life, she sent her mother to ask Rita to come to her. She went, and when told that she could not live much longer, the woman wanted her to repeat more of the sweet words of Jesus, and pray for her, that she might trust him entirely, and be prepared to spend an eternity with him. The woman also prayed that the Lord would forgive all her sins, and accept her, poor and miserable as she was, nor once did she ask for the priest who had been so much to her before; and as her mother held over her the crucifix and an image of one of the saints who aids in the dying hour, she cast them aside, and said, "No; only Christ." And so she died, forgiven and accepted, we trust, by him who is ready to save to the uttermost.

On her journey home she had many interesting experiences. With one man she talked and read the Scriptures, until he

told her that although he had many images and had believed in them, that now he only believed in the holy cross and in the sacred heart of Jesus, which were not made by the hands of man but by the hands of God. The heart was of stone, and very small when he first had it, but had grown quite large, he said. The little daughter of Rita—nine years old—said, “But if you have the heart of Jesus, poor Jesus has no heart.” The poor man was confounded; he knew not what to reply.

Rita was taken sick in a town on her way home, with a fever, and a woman with whom she had had a discussion took care of her. This woman did everything she could to kill rather than cure her; the last effort was to give her a poisonous herb in her gruel. This made her very sick indeed, but, as she says, the Lord preserved her from death as a proof to the woman that He was all powerful, and also to increase and strengthen her own faith in His greatness and goodness. By the roadside, at the farms, wherever she might be, did she sow the seed, and this without fear; for she said if she could only be the means of saving souls, she had no fear of those who could only kill the body. Such simple faith, such trust and confidence in the Saviour, I have seldom seen. At one farm twenty-five persons gathered around her to hear her read the Bible; and to pay her for reading, they gave her and her family their supper, a good place to sleep, and breakfast. May we not hope that this good seed sown by the way-side may bring forth much fruit to the honor and glory of Him in whose name and for whose sake it was done?

“Out on the highways, wherever we go,
Seed we must gather and seed we must sow;
Even the tiniest seed has a power,
Be it of thistle or be it a flower.
Here, where it seems but a wilderness place,—
Wanting in beauty and wanting in grace,—
Some little creature in tenderness goes,
Plucking the nettle and planting the rose.
Gathering seed we must scatter as well,
God will watch over the place where it fell:
Only the pain of the harvest is ours;
Shall we plant nettles or shall we plant flowers?”

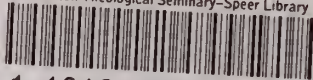
“Out of those gardens so gorgeous with flowers
Seed we may gather to beautify ours;
While, from our own little plot we may share
Something to render our neighbor's more fair.
Out of each moment some good may obtain—
Something to winnow and scatter again.
All that we listen to, all that we read,
All that we think of, is gathering seed.
That which we gather is that which we sow;
Seed-time and harvest alternately flow.
When we have finished with time 'twill be known
How we have gathered and how we have sown.”

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Life and Light for Woman

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